

It is difficult to tell about the real moral life of a city like Paris. London seems much more moral, and yet a thoughtful friend of mine who has known both cities for many years, and who has sounded the depths of both, assures me that he regards Paris a much better city morally than London. I do not know about this. I know that London seems a great deal better.

The visitor who goes to Paris will have no lack of invitations to see real Paris, which is Paris by night. I had not been there many hours until I had an invitation from a guide to join a party of ladies and gentlemen who were going out that night to see Paris as she is. He assured me that I would get back to my room by two o'clock in the morning. The next day I had an invitation to join a party of gentlemen only. I am still wondering who they took me for. But the astonishing thing about it all is how many Christian people accept these invitations and wade through cess-pools in Paris that they would never dream of wading through at home.

Just before I left home I saw going the rounds the story of a little girl and her prayer. After the regulation prayer was said she always put in a few impromptu petitions of her own. We who have little children in our homes understand this thoroughly. On the given night when she had finished her prayer she said in her childish accents: "Good-bye, God, we are going to Atlantic City tomorrow." I am afraid that too many of us go on our vacations in that spirit. Yet I will not be pessimistic. In London, and again in Paris, there roomed beside me a devoted Christian man and his wife. They were from my own city. Every morning before breakfast the Bible was taken down and they had their family prayers exactly as if they had been at home. Henry Drummond was right when he said: "The best evidence of Christianity is a Christian."

My face is now turned towards home. When I think of the castles and palaces and landed estates and dukes and lords of this old world, with all that they mean, I go back a better American. When I think of cathedrals and images and monasteries and superstitions, I go back a better Protestant. When I think of the privileges and opportunities I have enjoyed and of the continual goodness of God to me, I trust that I may go back a better Christian and a better minister.

Very sincerely yours,

Walter L. Lingle.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies recently assembled in Pittsburg, Pa. The membership is composed mainly of laymen. In addition to declarations of loyalty to the Catholic Church and its institutions, the Federation pledged itself "to the abatement of the evil of profanity, to assist in the war against the white slave trade, to opposition to the misuse of the Lord's day, and to the spread of offenses against public morality, immoral theatrical shows, and to unclean journalism." The Romanists probably have a greater field for influence in these particulars than do Protestants, for obvious reasons, and when they sincerely address themselves to the promotion of reform in morals, far-reaching results may be expected.

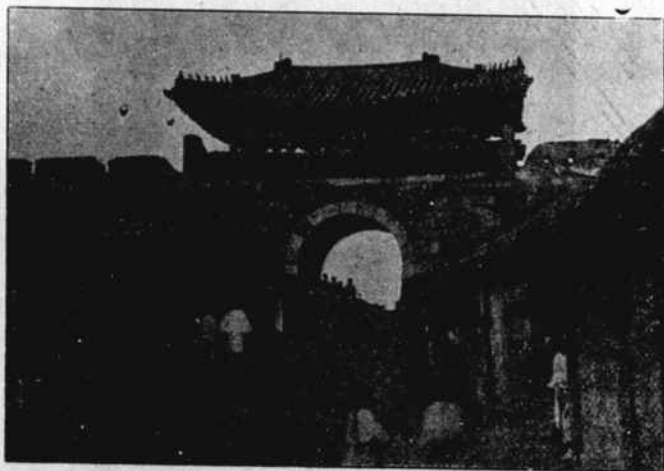
Missionary

THE KOREAN MISSION OF THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. H. F. Williams, Editor "The Missionary."

The Journey to the Field.

The journey from Kobe, Japan, to our station in Korea may be made by rail along the northern shore of the Inland Sea to Shimonoseki and across the strait to Fusan, or one may go, as I did, by the little Japanese steamer that leaves Kobe in the afternoon, stopping a few hours at Shimonoseki the next day, and then across the Korean Strait to Fusan, where the steamer usually stays a day discharging and receiving freight. Missionaries have told us of the sense of desolation and strangeness that came over them on arrival at Fusan. It is a desolate looking place, with almost nothing in the way of scenery or people to arouse missionary enthusiasm. However, the day may be most pleasantly spent by a visit to the Northern Presbyterian Mission, where the evangelistic missions, the splendid hospital in charge of Dr. Irvine and the



LITTLE WEST GATE, SEOUL, KOREA.

very attractive school of Korean girls in charge of Mrs. Irvine, will give one a very agreeable introductory touch of missionary life in Korea. Mokpo being the best port of entrance to our mission field, we continue our voyage on the steamer, leaving Fusan a little while before sundown. Neptune permitting, the traveler will stay on deck until a late hour, viewing the mainland and islands. The morning, if the day be calm and beautiful, as it was when I had the privilege of taking the trip, brings charming views of the islands of the Korean archipelago. On the islands of the Korean archipelago in our field there is a large population, estimated from 75,000 to 100,000. Except as Korean Christians have gone over from the mainland and made known the gospel, these people have not been visited by missionaries until recently. Our mission has taken up this work and assigned to the island field, Rev. H. D. McCallie.

At the time I visited the Missions in Korea, Mr. McCallie was only beginning his work, and was dependent upon a hired boat. He is now the happy owner of a comfortable boat, a present from his father—certainly an appropriate and most useful gift.